

Will the Emancipation of Mr.

Lincoln be Resisted?

We were asked the question, "will

the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln be resist-

ed?" Our only answer is, it is said that

it will. How it will be resisted and by

whom rumor does not say. Whether South

Carolina alone, the cotton States united,

the entire South as a unit, or the Demo-

cratic party generally intend to do this,

even the Telegraph has not informed us.

It is impossible to prevent Mr. Lincoln

from becoming President, but his inaugu-

ration, with the usual ceremonies, and at

the usual place, will be obstructed. It

would cost blood and require undisciplined

courage to effect this, still it might be

done. We can easily imagine how the

leaders of a party that has been in power,

almost uninterruptedly for forty years,

like to give up the game and place

the back seat to the political synagogues

is an unusual place for them, and their

modification in being compelled to take it,

is very great. They can do nothing but

threaten now—whether they will carry

those threats into execution remains to be

seen. The inauguration of Mr. Lincoln

will take place at the east porch of the

capitol at Washington, on the 4th day of

March, 1861, unless there are more traitors

than patriots in this Federal government.

The election of Abraham Lincoln, is a

terrible misfortune to the Democratic party.

The chagrin of its leaders has reached

the culminating point, and is now, almost

insupportable. The Democratic party, in

individual to work himself up to the fight-

ing point, but then to strike the blow, re-

quires an additional degree of determina-

tion. Do these Southern fire eaters and

Northern traitors, suppose, for one mo-

ment, that the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln

can be peacefully prevented? If there is to

be forcible resistance, the great work of

telegraphic wires that cover the entire

North, will summon thousands and hun-

dreds of thousands to the Federal capital,

and the numerous railroads will take them

there. They will not go there as citizens,

but as soldiers, determined to support the

Constitution and laws of the country, and

enforce the will of the majority upon the

minority. This will have to be done or

our government is a bagatelle—a bubble

that can be played with, sustained or

knocked over as suits the whims of dis-

appointed men.

If there is anything that will, more cer-

tainly than another defeat the entire pro-

gramme of the conspirators, it is their pre-

cipitation. Everything they have done

so far has been done in a hurry. They

seemed to be impelled by a reckless

and uncontrollable passion. The 4th day

of March appears to be a point in time

which they fear as much as devils ever

fear holy water. They know, that when

that auspicious day rolls around, their

conspiracies will be strangled and that

traitors will be hung. All that they can

do, must be done from now until then. Af-

ter that, the days of traitors and traitorous

action are over—peace and quiet will then

be restored, and whether united or divided

we will go on our way rejoicing.

Who Major Anderson is, and

What he has Done.

Major Anderson is now about fifty-six

years old, and was born in Kentucky, en-

tering the Military Academy from that

State, and graduating with distinction on

June 30, 1825. The record of his military

service shows that he was promoted to a

first lieutenant in 1833, and made captain

by brevet in 1838, for gallantry and suc-

cessful strategy in the war against the

Florida Indians. In the same year he was

appointed Assistant Adjutant General,

with the rank of captain, and the capiti-

nity itself not coming until the October of 1841.

His present rank of Major only reaching

him last year.

Major Anderson has also performed a

large amount of the staff duty incident to

[From the Daily Express of Tuesday.]

To-day.

To-day is the beginning of 1861—a year

fraught perhaps with more historic results

than any since 1776. A year which may

determine for all time to come the strength,

the power and the perpetuity of the Ameri-

can Union. A year big with the fate of

freedom and self government. If the new

year day of 1862 dawn upon us as united

people, our government still a united gov-

ernment and no flag recognized by Ameri-

can citizens save the Stars and the stripes,

then is the great problem solved and the

Anglo American race is capable of self-

government. Then will constitutional free-

dom advance, individual happiness be se-

cured, universal prosperity become com-

mon and the hopes of the philanthropic

world realized. Then will the hearts of

all good men rejoice, and earth keep jubile-

e a thousand years. But if one year from

to-day the bright sunlight falls upon a dis-

severed government—States refusing al-

liance to the Federal compact—independ-

ent sovereignties carved out of this Union

and denying authority superior to them-

selves, then will the despots of the old

world rejoice and monarchs clutch with a

firmer grasp the glittering diadems that

press their brows. Satan for a time will

have been loose upon earth, and humanity

struggling for its full development, will be

strangled back a hundred years.

Evidently this year is an epoch—a time

from which succeeding years may be num-

bered. The chronologist and historian will

begin the history of important events from

1861. Unborn millions, looking back

through the vista of the past, will either

rejoice or bleed this coming year. History

can record no more direful event than the

destruction of the American Union—Liberty

can rejoice over no more glorious achieve-

ment than its perpetuation. Humanity

clings to the one with all the feverish

impulse of a great love, and despair

clings around the other in silent horror.

We have but few words of encourage-

ment for the coming year. The future

forbodes trouble. Upon the political hori-

zon hang threatening clouds and evidences

of a coming storm. Its distant moun-

tains already fall upon the ear, and the

terrible glare of lightning plays before the

vision. The passions of men are aroused

and anger has taken place of reason. The

age of learning, of thought, of calm, sober

reasoning seems to have gone by, and com-

motion and revolution are all around us,

and war—grim visaged war!—gnashes

his sharp teeth and seems anxious for a

capital. What will be the result of all

this, the future can alone unfold—the

past teaches fearful lessons in such times. But

come what will, it is the duty of every

American citizen, of every lover of his

country, of every supporter of free institu-

tions and of the Federal Union, to pre-

pare himself for the coming storm. Put

your bodies in order, so that you can obey

the call of your country at any moment she

may need your assistance.

Patriotic in times like these should al-

ways be ready at the tap of the drum—

The threatening cloud may pass and leave

no serious consequences behind—but the

chances are against it. The lightning

may flash—but the bolt may not fall—

The whirlwind may only the more perfect-

ly purify the political atmosphere—but

it is hardly to be expected. Be there-

fore, however as it may, the American

citizen to-day, the beginning of this, a

new year, under an ominous cloud—hardly

one faint ray of light streams up in the

future and each day of this new year may

tell on the page of history of brave

deeds and great events.

To fight

is just cause, and for our country's glory,

is the best office of the best of men,

And to decline when those motives arise,

is infamous beneath a coward's baseness."

The Union, It Must be Preserved.

The Springfield (Ills.) Journal, Mr.

PRAYER MEETING IN A STORM.

[From the Daily Express of Tuesday.]

To-day.

A gentleman came up from the "west,"

"Two days November weather,"

But the ship had felt such a storm before,

And her planks still held together.

And thus, though the howling tempest howled

No sign of dissolution showed.

The passengers said, "We'll trust our ship,"

The stanch old Constitution."

The Captain stood on the quarter-deck—

"The sea," he said, "they batter us,"

Twas my watch below in the former gale—

I don't if I'll weather flatter.

The wind on the sea was blowing off,

The current ran shoreward.

I'll just lay-to between them both,

And stand to be going forward."

"Breakers ahead!" cried the watch on the bow

"Back up!" was the first mate's order;

And the ship rolled overboard.

"The sea's the ground—well," the passenger

cried.

"And the sea already had her!"

"The fire-ship split in the angry gale!"

In the ball the baller shifted;

And the ship rolled overboard.

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